

The Mirror

OF

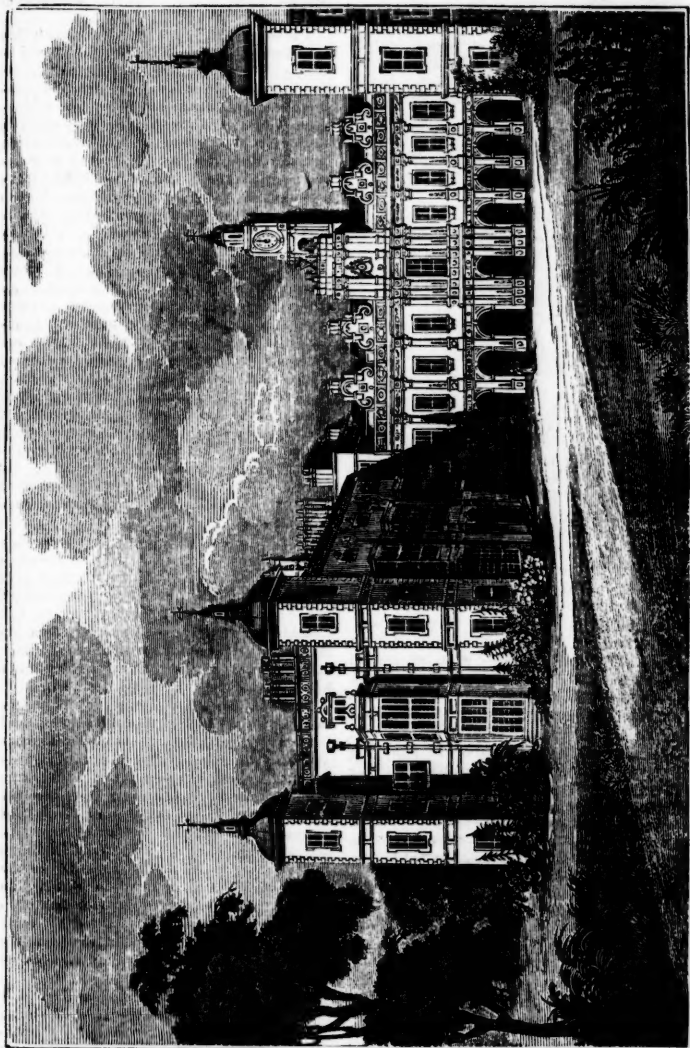
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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HATFIELD HOUSE, HERTS.



SOUTH FRONT.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

HATFIELD is, in many respects one of the most distinguished mansions of our nobility. It has been a palace, episcopal, regal, and noble, for upwards of seven centuries. It now ranks as one of the most complete specimens of old English domestic architecture, and a pattern of the magnificent style prevalent at the period of its erection. The arrangement of its interior combines splendour with convenience: and its enriched hall, gallery, and suites of apartments remind us of the substantial hospitalities of by-gone ages; the numerous households of its respective possessors, and their styles of living varying with the time.

By a fortunate circumstance, we hope to be enabled to submit to our readers a complete yet condensed description of this interesting pile. Our aid in this pleasant labour will be the First Part of Mr. Robinson's superb *New Vitruvius Britannicus*; consisting of "The History of Hatfield House: illustrated by Plans, Elevations, and Internal Views of the Apartments, from actual measurement."* This work is produced in a style of completeness, which is alike honourable to the genius, taste, and research of its author; who has handsomely consented to our appropriation of its elaborate contents for the present purpose. The Engravings in the work, whence our illustrations are copied, are by Henry Shaw, Esq.

Hatfield, in the county of Hertford, is an old town, situated on the steep slope of a hill, of which the House occupies the airy summit. It commands views in every direction of an undulated country, equally remarkable for its natural beauty and excessive fertility. The mansion stands in a fine park, which is watered by the river Lea; and the demesne is distant twenty miles northward from the metropolis, six from St. Albans, and seven from Hertford, the county town. Probably, none of our fine, old, country mansions is better known than Hatfield; its elevated situation and peculiar architecture rendering it one of the most striking objects on the Great North Road, from which it is situate but a short distance.

In the Anglo-Saxon times, Hatfield belonged to the crown; but, before the Norman Conquest, King Edgar granted it to the abbot of Ely and his successors, by one of whom, in the year 1109, Hatfield was retained as an episcopal palace, under the name

of Bishops Hatfield. We find rare mention of this particular palace; but, that it was extensive may be inferred from the excessive pomp of the bishops of Ely, one of whom, William Longchamp, chancellor of King Richard I., usually travelled with a retinue of 1,500 horsemen.

"It is curious," says Mr. Robinson, "that a portion of the Bishops' Palace should be preserved, an interesting subject for investigation, having been their property and occasional residence for nearly 500 years. Mansions of the same antiquity are very rarely to be found retaining so much original character. But the venerable building which now remains at Hatfield formed that part of the palace which was rebuilt by Morton, bishop of Ely, in the reign of Edward IV.;" and is of the same period as Eltham Palace; Crosby Place, London; and Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk.

The Bishops' Palace at Hatfield, in its original or perfect state, must have been an edifice of no inconsiderable magnitude; the remains, which are in high preservation, indicate a once splendid mansion: it was entirely of brick, without any intermixture of stone. An ancient plan of the Palace, which is preserved in the library at Hatfield House, shows that the buildings originally surrounded a courtyard; one of the sides of the quadrangle only now remains. The openings exhibit what is called the Tudor arch; not only the walls but enrichments are entirely of brick, in which the mouldings are very curiously worked.

In 1538, Henry VIII. granted to Bishop Goodrich, a zealous promoter of the Reformation, certain estates in Cambridgeshire, in exchange for Hatfield; in consequence of which it became one of the royal palaces, and towards the latter end of this reign was appointed to be the residence of Edward, Prince of Wales, who was here when the account of his father's death was brought to him.

In 1550, Edward VI. granted this palace to his sister, the Princess Elizabeth; and here, upon the breaking out of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion, in the reign of Queen Mary, Elizabeth was committed to the care of Sir Thomas Pope, having been removed thither from Woodstock. From various records, it appears that the princess lived, in splendour and affluence at Hatfield; that she was often admitted to the diversions of the court; and that her situation was by no means a state of oppression and imprisonment, as it has been represented by some historians. Here Elizabeth received the news of her sister's decease, and of her own accession to the throne.

It does not appear that Queen Elizabeth often resided in, or visited, Hatfield during her long reign. The north end of the building, which formed the western front of the old palace, and still remains here, is tradi-

* By P. F. Robinson, Architect, F. A. S. and F. G. S., author of a work on Rural Architecture, an Essay on the age of Mickleham Church in Surrey, Designs for Ornamental Villas, Designs for Farm Buildings, Village Architecture, and a Series of Designs for Park Entrances and Gate Lodges. The work is beautifully printed in folio, and is intended to comprehend Plans, Elevations, and Scenic Views of the most distinguished Residences in the United Kingdom. Part 2 contains Hardwicke Hall.

tionally said to be that in which the princess resided; and, it is possible that the apartments now standing might at one time have been occupied by the princess, who, before her final settlement at Hatfield Palace, under Sir Thomas Pope's care, was occasionally removed to various seats, of which Hatfield was one.

That part of the ancient palace which was latterly occupied by Elizabeth, most probably, fronted the south, and upon building the present mansion was entirely taken down. The privy garden, which adjoined her apartments, still remains, on the western side of the present house. Like all gardens of the same period, it is very small, being only 150 feet square; it is encompassed with a stately arched hedge; a close walk, or avenue of limes, runs round three sides; in the centre of the plot is a basin, formed with rock-work, in which are now kept gold and silver fish; the angles of the garden are occupied by small grass-plots, having a mulberry-tree in each, and bordered with herbaceous plants and annuals. This unique garden is most carefully preserved as a solitary memorial of the horticultural taste of the Elizabethan period, and as a connecting link in the interest which the venerable remains of the episcopal palace never fails to excite.

At the commencement of the succeeding reign, (James I.) Hatfield House passed into the possession of the noble house of Salisbury, by Sir Robert Cecil, the second son of the great Lord Burleigh, receiving it in exchange for Theobalds, near Cheshunt; where he entertained King James, in his way from Scotland, about five weeks after the death of Queen Elizabeth. "The king became so enamoured of the situation, from its proximity to an extensive tract of open country favourable to the diversion of hunting, his favourite amusement, that he prevailed on his minister, (Sir Robert Cecil,) to exchange it with him for his palace at Hatfield." Sir Robert Cecil was also continued by the king in his office of principal minister; in 1603, he was created Lord Cecil of Essington, in Rutlandshire; Viscount Cranbourn, in the county of Dorset, 1604; and in the same year he was created Earl of Salisbury. Upon obtaining possession of Hatfield, he inclosed two large parks, now richly wooded and united, one for red and the other for fallow deer, having an entrance, with lodges, at the southern extremity. He also commenced rebuilding the mansion on a more elevated and commanding site, eastward of the old palace, with its principal front towards the south, and an approach by a fine avenue of trees.

In the old palace, the principal windows looked towards the court in the centre; and the new house is, perhaps, the very first mansion where a view of the landscape was considered in the design: "the situation pos-

sesses great advantages to recommend the choice, the ground rising with a gentle ascent, the house on every side presents itself as a noble and commanding object. It is rather singular that a building which displays a combination of architecture on a more magnificent scale than any example during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and has attracted much admiration for the grandeur and beauty of its proportions, should have remained so long without the architect being known; but to none of the great names of this interesting period, which are extant, has the merit of this excellent design yet been attributed. It has been asserted that all our magnificent productions in architecture, from the period of Henry VIII. to that of Elizabeth, were the works of John of Padua and other Italian artists. There is, certainly, enough of the Florentine manner in the beautiful arcade on the southern front of Hatfield House, to induce an opinion that the design was procured from Italy;" but this is only conjectural; and to John Thorp, the architect of Burleigh House,* and the greatest artist of this era, the structure may be safely assigned.

Hatfield House occupies a grand parallelogram, 280 feet in length, which is the extent of the northern front of the edifice; and is 70 feet in width. On the southern front, two wings project at right angles, each 100 feet, with a breadth of 80 feet, forming, together with the centre division, three sides of a court, 140 feet in extent; the extreme length of the southern, or principal front, being 300 feet.

"The materials of which the mansion is constructed are principally brick; but the cases and mullions of the windows, the pilasters, and architectural enrichments, as well as all the prominent parts most exposed to injury, are of stone. In these the destructive effect of time is scarcely perceptible, while it has given to the whole the mellow, picturesque character of age; the weather-stained and mossy bricks harmonizing admirably with the grey hue of the stone, and with the surrounding landscape. It is also believed that no house in the kingdom, erected at so early a date, remains so entire as this. The elevation presents two principal fronts, each differing from the other, but possessing perfect unity of design and execution, in which the chaste and vigorous feeling characteristic of the Tudor period is remarkably prevalent."

"The two wings of the southern front are connected by a magnificent centre, raised in the Palladian style, with two orders of architecture, but with an entrance-porch, highly enriched. The basement story comprises an arcade, or corridor, extending the whole length between the wings, and resembling the ancient conventual cloister, but construct-

* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xv., p. 273.

ed upon the Italian plan." The shafts of the Doric pilasters rest on pedestals, and are partly fluted and partly covered with arabesque ornament, common in the Elizabethan age. "The windows of the principal story, which give light to the long gallery, are square-headed and mullioned, and are admirably proportioned to the spaces between the Ionic pilasters, here introduced to relieve the plainness of the surface. The entablature is surmounted by an elegantly-pierced parapet, at the height of 50 feet from the ground; and above this are seen the gables of the roof; these, however, are ornamented with Flemish taste, and constitute the only portion of the building not deserving of high commendation."

"Each wing has an enriched entrance-porch; and the breadth of their fronts, between the massive turrets, is broken by projecting oriel windows, which properly belong to the Tudor style. The square corner turrets, 50 feet high to the parapets, are crowned by cupola-formed roofs, rising 20 feet to the pinnacles, which are terminated by gilded vanes, representing small banners charged with the Cecil crest."

"The centre tower, in which is the grand entrance-porch, rises to the height of 70 feet, and is divided into three stories, having a bold projection, which breaks the long and uniform line of the front; above this, in the middle of the roof, is the clock-tower, and cupola 15 feet in height, completing the pyramidal effect of the whole. In the third story of the tower, which is of the Corinthian order, are the full armorial bearings of the noble founder of the mansion: above the parapet, which exhibits the date of the completion of the building, in the year 1611, is his lordship's crest, with the coronet."

"The principal feature of the northern front of Hatfield House is the centre compartment, in which is the entrance doorway; but a perfect idea of the architectural beauty of this extensive building can only be obtained by an examination of the lateral fronts: on these the bold projections produce alternate masses of light and shade, exceedingly pictorial; a proof of the master skill with which the original plan was contrived. Time has given the whole a venerable impression, and the primitive colour of the brick has acquired a rich hue from the lichen that now covers it, such as nature alone can bestow." The beautiful architectural effects here so ably described are admirably shown in our Engraving, which, however, falls short of the brilliancy of Mr. Shaw's plate in the original work.

The whole cost of erecting this noble mansion was 7,631*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*, an amount which does not appear to be very great, as it includes the charges for impaling both the parks, a large sum for work done in the gardens, and

for the supply of water to the house. The record of expenses is still preserved at Hatfield House, and is a curious document of the prices of materials, labour, &c., two centuries and a quarter since.

The roof of the mansion is entirely covered with lead. From this part is obtained a very fine panoramic view of a richly wooded tract of country, studded with interesting objects, especially within a moderate distance. Directly westward of Hatfield House is the venerable abbey church of St. Albans, its hoary walls stretching along the ridge of a beautiful eminence; on the north are the widely spreading woods of Brockett Hall, the seat of Viscount Melbourne; and then the sylvan shades of Wood Hall Park. Eastward are Digwell House, Tewin Water, and Pans-hanger, the seat of Earl Cowper. The environs of the towns of Hertford and Ware are variegated with villas and pleasure-grounds; nearer in point of view are the village of Essendon, and Bedwell Park. "Southward of Hatfield House are two very interesting spots, Gubbins or Gobions, near North Mims, once a seat of the illustrious Sir Thomas More; and Tyttenhanger, the former residence of the powerful abbots of St. Albans, to which King Henry VIII. and his queen Katherine retired for the summer season in the year 1528. The beautiful park and woods of Hatfield, occupying the immediate foreground of the panorama are very extensive; the lengthened avenues on either side of the House, and many of the single trees, especially the old oaks, are exceedingly picturesque."

Having thus introduced our readers to the external beauties of Hatfield House, we purpose, in an early Number to inspect its internal arrangement, the enrichments of its principal apartments, and the fitness of their design and execution for luxurious comfort; with an Engraving of the decorated Hall—the noble characteristic of every old English mansion. It will then be our painful duty to chronicle the extent of the recent conflagration in injuring the completeness of this sumptuous pile.

A BRIGHT DAY SHONE FOR POLAND.*

"Oh! bloodiest record in the rolls of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!"

CAMPBELL.

A BRIGHT day shone for Poland,
She girded on the sword;
From Highland and from Lowland,
Her brave confederates pour'd—
They rais'd the glorious banner,
Sarmatia's flag of old,
The battle's breath to fan her,
She toss'd above the bold.

"The Polish brothers" banded,
Majestic in their cause,
"Conspir'd," though single-handed,
To struggle for their laws.

* From the Morning Advertiser.

The rights their fathers won her
 Their sons for Poland ask'd,
 Her liberty, her honour,
 Their stern endeavours task'd.
 A dark day rose for Poland,
 The Gaul, who promis'd aid,
 To Highland and to Lowland,
 Their cherish'd hopes* betray'd.
 Her heroes, nothing yielding,
 The scabbard threw away,
 The swords of patriots wielding,
 Hurraing to the fray!
 Like lions in their daring,
 They fought the holy fight,
 Like Freedom's champions sharing
 The mantle of her might.
 They fought to death, and falling,
 The remnant that remain,
 On God and man are calling
 To raise them up again.
 Their cry for help is heeded,
 In every manly heart,
 Their wrongs—their rights—are pleaded—
 Their cause—it hath a part!
 Hence, hence, the promise springeth,
 A bright day's yet to be,
 Which Time, the avenger, wingeth,
 When POLAND SHALL BE FREE!

Inner Temple.

JACOB JONES.

* This must, by no means, be understood to apply to the French, as a nation, but to their ignoble and perfidious rulers for the time being, when the Poles so righteously, so gloriously flew to arms.

Manners and Customs.

THE OAK.

THE sacred estimation in which the mistletoe and oak were held by the Druids is well known. There are, however, some curious superstitions connected with this tree, which perhaps may be thought worthy of recording. The striking of an oak by lightning has, in many countries, been regarded as a most ominous event. Virgil says

*Sæpe malum hoc nobis, (si mens non læva fuisset),
 De cælo tactas memini prædicere quercus.*

And again

Instantem monstrat quercus decisa ruinam.

The same idea was prevalent, till within a century, in the northern counties of England. There is a proverb mentioned in Hammond's *History of Northumberland*, which says, (addressing the lightning,)

"Strike elm, strike rowan,
 Not the oak alone."

In *Walpoliana*, there is a story told of a noble family, the death of one of whose members was always preceded by the withering of a branch of an oak that had long grown in the park. The *Wonderful Magazine* gives an account of an oak which, every 29th of May, budded and burst out, though seemingly dead, for the remainder of the year! The medicinal qualities of the oak have also been famous. Many of my readers will doubtless remember at the beginning of the present century, the advertisement of a Signor Vernani, who professed with "his Quercine

Decoction to cure the most helpless weakness, &c." It appeared on the evidence of a trial which took place, that he got no small sum of money from his preparation. The Romans dedicated the oak to Æsculapius and branches of it were carried before the sick in their way to the temples. Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, alludes to some of these traditions, and says: "whether we look at its manifest and open uses, or the more doubtful and apocryphal qualities which are attributed to it by some, we must, in all conscience, allow it to be the noblest of the works of Providence of its kind."

A CORRESPONDENT.

The Sketch-Book.

THE HARD NAME.

From the New-York Mirror.

"WELL, it is certainly very mysterious!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Very mysterious, indeed!" said Mrs. Brown.

"Altogether beyond my comprehension!" said Miss Willowbough.

"Mysterious! do tell me all about it?" said Mrs. Jones, who had just entered the room, and heard enough of the conversation to convince her that scandle was its subject; as, indeed, she might have known had she been deaf—for what other subject had been stated at Mrs. Smith's for a twelvemonth?

"Have you heard nothing of the mysterious stranger?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Nothing."

"Who has been here ever since the day before yesterday morning?" added Mrs. Smith.

"Not a word! how remarkable!"

"And whose name no one can discover!" continued Miss Willowbough.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "But what is the peculiar mystery about him?"

"A great deal, I assure you," answered Mrs. Smith. "In the first place, he—he wears a black coat and drab pantaloons—and then, again, he—he—indeed his whole appearance has an air of very peculiar mystery."

"Bless me! what are we all coming to! But is there no way to find out who he is?"

"I expect Miss Vinegar here every moment," said Mrs. Smith, "and if any one knows anything about him, she does."

"What the old maid! Oh, I detest her!" said Mrs. Jones, "she is so terribly inquisitive. I never could bear any one who is eternally prying into the affairs of their neighbours. Then you can't find out even his name. I would give anything to know. But, here comes Miss Vinegar; perhaps she can tell us."

Miss Vinegar poked her sallow visage

into the room. She looked the very incarnation of scandal, and well she might, for it had been her daily food for more than thirty years. Miss Vinegar was not of a certain, but of a very uncertain, age—varying from twenty-five to forty, according as you took her assurance, or the family-bible for your guide; and the whole of that time she had passed in the laudable occupation of investigating and regulating the affairs of her neighbours. She had a general oversight of the whole village. She knew everything that ever happened, and was positive of a great many things which never did happen. Like the glorious sun, she shone on all alike. None so elevated as to be above the reach of her tongue; none so low as to escape the vigilance of her condescending scrutiny. But, alas! the most distinguished powers are sometimes compelled to remain inactive from the want of proper objects for their exertions. Such seemed to be the inevitable fate of Miss Vinegar. Possessed of every facility and blessed with every inclination for the manufacture of scandal, she was alarmingly deficient in the raw material. She had worked up every character within her reach. With the intuition of genius, she had seized upon every incident susceptible of expansion, and had stretched it to its utmost extent. She had done everything that could have been done; but, alas! who can “make bricks without straw?” Her best exertions met with no encouragement. Nothing *would* happen out of the regular course of events. Everybody went to church on Sundays. Nobody was extravagant in dress or dinners. Nobody was getting married, or like to be; poor woman, she felt sure of that. In fact, that there was nothing worthy the attention of Miss Vinegar, and people began to fear that, for want of any other, she would attack her own character. Never did anything occur in better time than the appearance of the “mysterious stranger.”

Miss Vinegar’s researches had not been attended with that success which usually rewards persevering industry.

“The landlady knows nothing about him,” she said, as she entered. I have ascertained that he rises at eight—and drinks two cups of coffee without cream.”

“Without cream!” echoed Mrs. Jones.

“Yes, without cream. I was very particular in my inquiries, and the information may be relied upon.”

“Very singular, indeed! Now I think cream is all the beauty of coffee.”

“I should not be at all surprised,” said Miss Vinegar, “if he should prove to be the bank robber, whom we saw advertised.”

“But he is a dark man, with black hair,” said Miss Willowbough, “and the stranger has a very light complexion.”

“Nothing easier than to alter the com-

plexion, as *you* must know, Miss Willowbough; retorted Miss Vinegar. Miss Willowbough enjoyed the reputation of improving her complexion with pearl powder, but she blushed through it all, and continued, “but then the robber is a large man, and the stranger is tall and slim.”

“Nothing easier than reducing the size of the waist,” answered Miss Vinegar sharply, and glancing at Miss Willowbough’s hour-glass form.

Really the conversation was becoming quite personal. So at least thought Miss Willowbough, as she answered:—

“But there is one thing he could not alter. He is evidently not more than twenty-five years old, while the advertisement describes the robber as over forty; and, your own experience, Miss Vinegar, must have convinced you of the impossibility of any one’s appearing twenty years younger than he really is.”

Miss Vinegar began to mutter about “some people,” and “some other people,” but was interrupted by an exclamation from Mrs. Smith, which drew all eyes to the window.

“There he goes, as I live.”

“See,” observed Mrs. Jones, as the “mysterious stranger” took a long step to avoid a muddy spot, “see how mysteriously he lifts his foot.”

Poor man, he little knew the interest he was exciting in the kind souls who were watching him.

“I wonder if he is married,” said Miss Willowbough.

“If he is not,” said Miss Vinegar, “he will not probably fancy a piece of paint and whalebone.”

“Nor a woman old enough to be his grandmother,” retorted Miss Willowbough.

“There, did you see Mr. White? He bowed to the stranger, so he must know him. I will knock on the window, and beckon for him to come in. I will inquire concerning his daughter—she is in delicate health, you know. Indeed, I have some preserves for her. A capital excuse, is it not?”

Mr. White was the only person in the village who had ever been known to keep a secret, consequently his popularity with the ladies was below zero. He was a complete anomaly. He could enjoy a cup of tea, although not sweetened with scandal; and, really, it never seemed to destroy his appetite for his own dinner, because he could not tell what constituted that of his next neighbour’s.

“Oh, why *did* you beckon to that man? I never could bear him,” said Miss Vinegar.

“We have no other means of ascertaining anything about the stranger,” answered Mrs. Smith; “but what objection have you to Mr. White?”

"Because he is so very impertinent. Would you believe it—no longer ago than last Monday, I saw him go home with a covered market-basket—strange that people will use such things—I sent Betty over to ascertain what he had for dinner—the most natural thing in the world, you know—and what do you think he said? He told her he should dine on scandal, and, was it not so very common a dish, he would invite her mistress to dinner. So impertinent! and to a lady, too! I declare, I can't bear him. Betty found out, though. He had a salmon. It couldn't have cost him less than three or four dollars—say three dollars and fifty cents."

The amiable Miss Vinegar was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. White himself. Mrs. Smith was very kind in her inquiries about Miss White's health. Miss Vinegar apologized for the impertinence of her maid, who, she declared, went off without her knowledge, and had grown so very inquisitive, that she expected to be compelled to dismiss her.

"What gentleman were you speaking to just now?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"O, he, he—was a stranger."

"Well, what is his name?" was the eager question, as they all pressed around him. But none of them observed the mischievous smile that played upon his lips, as he answered, with assumed hesitancy, "I really do not know—as I ought to—in fact, I do not exactly recollect his name."

"Oh! but you must tell us; it shall go no farther, I assure you."

"I should like to tell you; but, really, there are some peculiar circumstances, which—"

"But you certainly would not hesitate to inform us," said Mrs. Smith. "I have not the least *curiosity* in the world, but I merely—wish to know, that's all."

"He has a very hard name," said Mr. White.

"Hard name—what is it, Stone?"

"Oh! no. Harder."

"Harder than stone? then it is Iron, I suppose."

"No, Harder yet."

"Harder than iron? impossible—Adamant?"

"Harder still"

"Harder than adamant! I cannot imagine what it is."

"I do not feel at liberty to tell; but, if you can guess, I shall not be responsible. So good morning, ladies;" and, in spite of their entreaties, Mr. White fairly made his escape.

"What can it be," said Mrs. Smith; "harder than adamant?"

"I have it," said Mrs. Brown, "Heart."

"You do not mean, pray, that the heart

is harder than adamant?" said Miss Willowbough, with a sigh.

"I speak in a spiritual sense," said Mrs. Brown; "the heart is, by nature, totally depraved, and until—"

"I wonder if it is not Pharaoh," interrupted Miss Vinegar. Many other names were proposed and rejected. At last they arrived at the conclusion, that his name must be Diamond; and, with this opinion, the ladies separated.

Again the ladies were in conclave, at the house of Mrs. Smith. Again Mr. Diamond, so they had named the stranger, passed the window; and, again, all eyes were directed toward him.

"There! he has dropped a letter in the street," said Miss Vinegar. "Send some one for it, while I keep watch."

Mrs. Smith's maid was immediately despatched for the important document, while Miss Vinegar stood sentinel at the window, lest some more fortunate individual should secure the prize. But her caution was needless; the maid picked up the letter, Mrs. Smith received it at the street-door, and, without looking at it, so great was her haste, bore it in triumph to her anxious guests.

"Now, we shall know his name," said Miss Vinegar. Mrs. Smith held up the letter, and read the superscription: "WILLIAM HARDER, Esquire."

Notes of a Reader.

LORD EXMOUTH AT ALGIERS.

THE following is Lord Exmouth's own account of the action written to his brother in an effusion of fraternal confidence, and never intended for the public eye, but which will, we believe, have more interest than any elaborate statement would have:—

"It has pleased God to give me again the opportunity of writing you, and it has also pleased him to give success to our efforts against these hordes of barbarians. I never, however, saw any set of men more obstinate at their guns, and it was superior fire only that could keep them back. To be sure, nothing could stand before the Queen Charlotte's broadside. Every thing fell before it; and the Swedish consul assures me we killed above five hundred at the very first fire, from the crowded way in which troops were drawn up, four deep above the gun-boats, which were also full of men. I had myself beckoned to many around the guns close to us to move away, previous to giving the order to fire; and I believe they are within bounds when they state their loss at seven thousand men. Our old friend John Gaze was as steady as a rock; and it was a glorious sight to see the Charlotte take her anchorage, and to see her

flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the Mole itself; and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop; we were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire. Every body behaved nobly. Admiral Milne came on board at two o'clock in the morning, and kissed my hand fifty times before the people, as did the Dutch Admiral, Van Capellan. I was but slightly touched in thigh, face, and fingers,—my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. My thigh is not quite skinned over, but I am perfectly well, and hope to reach Portsmouth by the 10th of October. Ferdinand has sent me a diamond star. Wise behaved most nobly, and took up a line-of-battle ship's station;—but all behaved nobly. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service. Not a wretch shrunk anywhere; and I assure you it was a very arduous task, but I had formed a very correct judgment of all I saw, and was confident, if supported, I should succeed. I could not wait for an off-shore wind to attack; the season was too far advanced, and the land-winds become light and calmy. I was forced to attack at once with a lee-shore, or perhaps wait a week for a precarious wind along shore; and I was quite sure I should have a breeze off the land about one or two in the morning, and equally sure we could hold out that time. Blessed be God! it came, and a dreadful night with it of thunder, lightning, and rain, as heavy as I ever saw. Several ships had expended all their powder, and been supplied from the brigs. I had latterly husbanded, and only fired when they fired on us; and we expended 350 barrels, and 5,420 shot, weighing above 65 tons of iron. Such a state of ruin of fortifications and houses was never seen, and it is the opinion of all the consuls, that two hours' more fire would have levelled the town, the walls are all so cracked. Even the aqueducts were broken up, and the people famishing for water. The sea-defences, to be made effective, must be rebuilt from the foundation. The fire all round the Mole looked like Pandemonium. I never saw anything so grand and so terrific, for I was not on velvet, for fear they would drive on board us. The copper-bottoms floated full of fiery hot charcoal, and were red-hot above the surface, so that we could not hook on our fire-grapnels to put the boats on, and could do nothing but push fire-booms, and spring the ship off by our warps, as occasion required."

Lord Exmouth's services, and those of his fleet were acknowledged as became such a victory; he was created a viscount, with an honourable augmentation to his already so

honoured escutcheon, and the word *Algiers* as an additional motto; he received from his own sovereign a gold medal struck for the occasion, and from the kings of Holland, Spain, and Sardinia, the stars of their orders—a sword from the City of London;—and, finally—what was likely to please such a man most of all—an unusually large proportion of distinction and promotion acknowledged the merits of the brave men who had served under him.

Antiquariana.

ANTIQUÉ TABLE.

(From a Correspondent.)

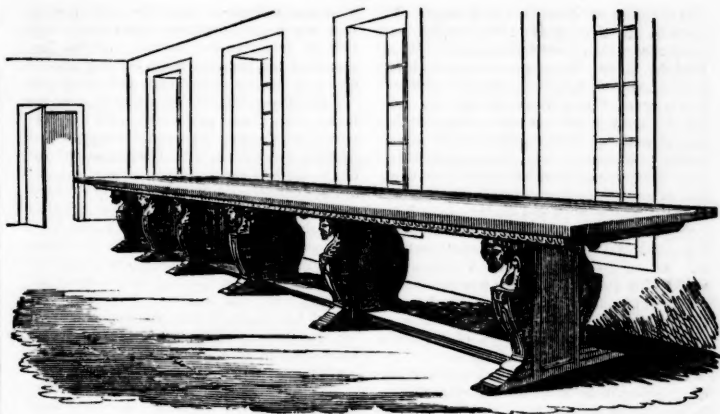
This relic of olden hospitality is at Staunton-Harold, Leicestershire, a seat of Earl Ferrers, about two miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It is of oak, and is richly carved and ornamented in the taste of the sixteenth century, having been made about the time of Henry VIII. With that quaint whimsicality which is so predominant a feature in antique articles of taste, the table is constructed of as many pieces as there are days in the year, and ornamented with twelve heads as supporters, representing, it is said, the twelve apostles; but, for my part, I think, they are, more probably, the representatives of the twelve months, particularly as they are encircled with wreaths of fruits and flowers. The legs are still farther enriched with elegant scroll-work, and on the sides of the supporters are richly carved panels, &c., each of a different pattern, exhibiting a series of beautiful designs. An ornamental band runs the whole length of the top, which measures ten yards and a quarter in length, by one yard and a half in breadth; the table standing one yard from the floor.

This curious relic of antiquity was used by the noble family on festive occasions; and, at Christmas—"the merrie Yule-tide"—the tenantry seated around it, partook of the good cheer of the "good old times;" the hall ringing with the merriment of the light-hearted, happy peasantry; mayhap, laughing at the gibes of his lordship's jester, or at some merry Christmas gambol:—

The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.

• • • • •
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

But now, the scene is changed—the mansion is deserted, a prey to damps and decay, and the old table stands a forgotten relic in a solitary chamber, unthought of and uncared for.



(Ancient Table.)

At the present season of the year, when its services would have been in request, the reader of imagination, assisted by the cut before him, and a remembrance of the vivid descriptions of many a writer on the subject of Christmas merry-making in by-gone ages, may find amusement in picturing forth in his own mind its old occupants, and thus again "set the table in a roar!"

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F. W. FAIRHOLT.

The Public Journals.

SNARLEYTOW: OR, THE DOG-FIEND.

*By Captain Marryatt.**

It was in the winter of 1699, that a one-masted vessel, with black sides, was running along the coast near Beachy Head, at the rate of about five miles per hour. The wind was from the northward and blew keenly, the vessel was under easy sail, and the water was smooth. It was now broad daylight, and the sun rose clear of clouds and vapour; but he threw out light without heat. The upper parts of the spars, the hammock rails, and the small iron guns which were mounted on the vessel's decks, were covered with a white frost. The man at the helm stood muffled up in a thick pea jacket, and mittens, which made his hands appear as large as his feet. His nose was a pug of an intense bluish red, one tint arising from the present cold, and the other from the preventive checks which he had been so long accustomed to take, to drive out such an unwelcome intruder. His grizzled hair waved its

locks gently to the wind, and his face was distorted with an immoderate quid of tobacco which protruded his right cheek. This personage was second officer and steersman on board of the vessel, and his name was Obadiah Coble. He had been baptized Obadiah about sixty years before, that is to say if he had been baptized at all. He stood so motionless at the helm, that you might have imagined him to have been frozen there as he stood, were it not that his eyes occasionally wandered from the compass on the binnacle to the bows of the vessel, and that the breath from his mouth, when it was thrown out into the clear, frosty air, formed a smoke like to that from the spout of a half-boiling tea-kettle.

The crew belonging to the cutter, for she was a vessel in the service of his Majesty, King William the Third, at this time employed in protecting his Majesty's revenue against the importation of alamoses and lutestrings, were all down below at their breakfasts, with the exception of the steersman and lieutenant-commandant, who now walked the quarter-deck, if so small an extent of plank could be dignified with such a name. He was a Mr. Cornelius Vanslyperken, a tall, meagre-looking personage, with very narrow shoulders and very small head—perfectly straight up and down, protruding in no part, he reminded you of some tall parish pump, with a great knob at its top. His face was gaunt, cheeks hollow, nose and chin showing an affection for each other, and evidently lamenting the gulf between them which prevented their meeting, both appeared to have fretted themselves to the utmost degree of tenuity from disappointment in love: as for the nose, it had a pearly, round

* From the Metropolitan; the Editor's Contribution to his New Year's Number.

tear hanging at its tip, as if it wept. The dress of Mr. Vanslyperken was hidden in a great coat, which was very long, and buttoned straight down. This great coat had two pockets on each side, into which its owner's hands were deeply inserted; and so close did his arms lay to his sides, that they appeared nothing more than as would battens nailed to a topsail yard. The only deviation from the perpendicular was from the insertion of a speaking trumpet under his left arm at right angles with his body. It had evidently seen much service, was battered, and the black Japan worn off in most parts of it. As we said before, Mr. Vanslyperken walked his quarter-deck. He was in a brown study, yet looked blue. Six strides brought him to the taffrail of the vessel, six more to the bows, such was the length of his tether—and he turned, and turned again.

But there was another personage on the deck, a personage of no small importance, as he was all in all to Mr. Vanslyperken, and Mr. Vanslyperken all in all to him: moreover, we may say, that he is the hero of the TAIL. This was one of the ugliest and most ill-conditioned curs which had ever been produced from promiscuous intercourse—ugly in colour, for he was of a dirty yellow, like the paint served out to decorate our men-of-war by his Majesty's dock-yards—ugly in face, for he had one wall-eye, and was so far underjawed as to prove that a bull-dog had had something to do with his creation—ugly in shape, for although larger than a pointer, and strongly built, he was coarse and shambling in his make, with his forelegs towed out. His ears and tail had never been docked, which was a pity, as the more you curtailed his proportions, the better-looking the cur would have been. But his ears, although not cut, were torn to ribands by the various encounters with dogs on shore, arising from the acidity of his temper. His tail had lost its hair from an inveterate mange, and reminded you of the same appendage in a rat. Many parts of his body were bared from the same disease. He carried his head and tail low, and had a villainous, sour look. To the eye of the casual observer, there was not one redeeming quality that would warrant his keep; to those who knew him well there were a thousand reasons why he should be hanged. He followed his master with the greatest precision and exactitude, walking aft as he walked aft, and walking forward with the same regular motion, turning when his master turned, and, moreover, turning in the same direction; and, like his master, he appeared to be not a little nipped with the cold, and, as well as he, in a state of profound meditation. The name of this uncouth animal was very appropriate to his appearance and to his temper. It was Snarleyyow.

At last, Mr. Vanslyperken gave vent to his

pent-up feelings.—“I can't—I won't stand this any longer,” muttered the lieutenant as he took his six strides forward. At this first sound of his master's voice, the dog pricked up the remnants of his ears, and they both turned aft.—“She has been now fooling me for six years;” and as he concluded this sentence, Mr. Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow had reached the taffrail, and the dog raised his tail to the half cock.

They turned, and Mr. Vanslyperken paused a moment or two, and compressed his thin lips—the dog did the same.—“I will have an answer by all that's blue!” was the ejaculation of the next six strides. The lieutenant stopped again, and the dog looked up in his master's face; but it appeared as if the current of his master's thoughts was changed; for the current of keen air reminded Mr. Vanslyperken that he had not yet had his breakfast.

The lieutenant leant over the hatchway, took his battered speaking trumpet from under his arm, and putting it to his mouth, the deck reverberated with “Pass the word for Smallbones forward.”—The dog put himself in a baying attitude, with his fore-feet on the combings of the hatchway, and enforced his master's orders with a deep-toned and measured bow, wow, wow.

Smallbones soon made his appearance, rising from the hatchway like a ghost; a thin, shambling personage, apparently about twenty years old—a pale, cadaverous face, high cheek-bones, goggle eyes, with lank hair very thinly sown upon a head, which, like bad soil, would return but a scanty harvest. He looked like Famine's eldest son, just arriving to years of discretion. His long, lanky legs were pulled so far through his trousers, that his bare feet, and half way up to his knees, were exposed to the chilling blast. The sleeves of his jacket were so short, that four inches of bone above his wrist were bared to view—hat he had none—his ears were very large, and the rims of them red with cold, and his neck was so immeasurably long and thin, that his head appeared to topple for want of support. When he had come on deck, he stood with one hand raised to his forehead, touching his hair instead of his hat, and the other occupied with a half-roasted, red herring.—“Yes, sir,” said Smallbones, standing before his master.

“Be quick!”—commenced the lieutenant; but here his attention was directed to the red herring by Snarleyyow, who raised his head and snuffed at its fumes. Among other disqualifications of the animal, be it observed, that he had no nose except for a red herring, or a post by the wayside. Mr. Vanslyperken discontinued his orders, took his hand out of his great coat pocket, wiped the drop from off his nose, and then roared out,

"How dare you appear on the quarter-deck of a king's ship, sir, with a red herring in your fist?"

"If you please, sir," replied Smallbones, "if I were to come for to go to leave it in the galley, I shouldn't find it when I went back."

"What do I care for that, sir? It's contrary to all the rules and regulations of the service. Now, sir, hear me——"

"O Lord, sir! let me off this time, it's only a *soldier*," replied Smallbones deprecatingly; but Snarleyyow's appetite had been very much sharpened by his morning's walk; it rose with the smell of the herring, so he rose on his hind legs, snapped the herring out of Smallbones' hand, bolted forward by the lee gangway, and would soon have bolted the herring, had not Smallbones bolted after him and overtook him just as he had laid it down on the deck preparatory to commencing his meal. A fight ensued, Smallbones received a severe bite in the leg, which induced him to seize a handspike, and make a blow with it at the dog's head, which, if it had been well aimed, would have probably put an end to all further pilfering. As it was, the handspike descended upon one of the dog's fore toes, and Snarleyyow retreated, yelling, to the other side of the fore-castle, and as soon as he was out of reach, like all curs, bayed in defiance.

Smallbones picked up the herring, pulled up his trousers to examine the bite, poured down an anathema upon the dog, which was, "May you be starved, as I am, you beast!" and then turned round to go aft, when he struck against the spare form of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, with his hands in his pocket, and his trumpet under his arm, looked unutterably savage.

"How dare you beat my dog, you villain?" said the lieutenant at last, choking with passion.

"He's a-bitten my leg through and through, sir, replied Smallbones with a face of alarm.

"Well, sir, why have you such thin legs then?"

"Cause I gets nothing to fill 'em up with."

"Have you not a herring there, you herring-gutted scoundrel? which, in defiance of all the rules of the service, you have brought on his Majesty's quarter-deck, you greedy rascal, and for which I intend——"

"It ar'n't my herring, sir, it be yours—for your breakfast—the only one that is left out of the half dozen."

This last remark appeared to somewhat pacify Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Go down below, sir," said he, after a pause, "and let me know when my breakfast is ready."

Smallbones obeyed immediately, too glad to escape so easily.

"Snarleyyow," said his master, looking at the dog, who remained on the other side of the fore-castle.—"O Snarleyyow, for shame! Come here, sir. Come here, sir, directly."

But Snarleyyow, who was very sulky at the loss of his anticipated breakfast, was contumacious, and would not come. He stood at the other side of the fore-castle, while his master apostrophized him, looking him in the face. Then after a pause of indecision, gave a howling sort of bark, and trotted away to the main hatchway, and disappeared below. Mr. Vanslyperken returned to the quarter-deck, and turned, and turned as before.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONNECTED WITH LACOCK ABBEY.*

By Mrs. Crawford.

I PASS over Corsham House, the seat of the Methuen family, about four miles from Lacock Abbey, as being more fully described in Britton's *Beauties of Wiltshire*. Also Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, which, though a noble mansion, is uninteresting to the antiquarian, the Lansdowne family being of very modern rise. Sir William Petty, who made the "Down Survey" in Ireland, was its founder. On that occasion, he very wisely got a grant to him and his heirs, of Dunkerron Castle, the ancient seat of the princely family of O'Sullivan. Thus, owing to the injustice of English rulers, the ancient Irish have been stripped of their ancestral rights, and their noble dwellings and ample heritages given to the stranger.

Half way up to Bowden Hill, and between Bowood and Lacock Abbey, stands Spy Park, the seat of the Bayntons, a family of great antiquity, and who formerly made a considerable figure in the county. Nothing can be more delightful than the situation of this old mansion, standing in a fine park, richly wooded, and commanding a most extensive view into (as it is said) ten counties.

In 1652, at the defeat of Sir William Waller by the Lord Wilmot, Bromham House, the ancient seat of the Baynton family, situated near to the field of battle, was burnt down; upon which, they removed to Spy Park, and having greatly enlarged and beautified it made it their chief residence. But that they afterwards rebuilt Bromham House, (or Bremhill,) is certain, from a letter I have by me, written fourteen years after the fire, by Sir Edward Baynton, to one of my family.

There is now in the Royal Museum, a curious, old pedigree, showing that the Bayntons, in the reign of Henry II., were knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir Henry Bayn-

* See an Engraving and Description of Lacock Abbey, in the *Mirror*, vol. xxvi. p. 369-373.

ton held the office of knight-marshal to the King, a place of great authority at that time; and his son, who was slain at Bretagne in the year 1201, was a noble knight of Jerusalem. Sidney, in his treatise on Government, mentions this family as being of "great antiquity; and that in name and ancient possessions, it equals most, and is far superior to many of the nobility." The house at Spyre Park always struck me with gloom: but, perhaps, the legends told of it, and the *too real* events that had happened in it, might throw their shade over its walls.

As all antique mansions in the country must be associated with a due portion of the superstitious and the wonderful, Spyre Park was not without its share. There was a story told, (and duly credited by the peasantry,) of a knight, clad in armour, haunting one of the chambers, supposed to be the spirit of the gallant Sir Henry Baynton, who was beheaded at Berwick, in the time of Henry IV., for taking part with the rebel Earl of Northumberland. More modern spectres also, were said to trouble the indwellers of Spyre Park, for I remember Lady Shrewsbury saying, that old Sir Edward, the father of the late Sir Andrew Baynton, was continually seen at nightfall in the park and grounds; and that the latter had often, (when in company with his *mistress*;) been startled by the apparition of his father. Sir Andrew, in early life, was remarkable for the possession of every engaging and moral quality; but the misconduct of his first wife, to whom he was fondly attached, altered, it was said, his very nature, and plunged him, in order to banish thought, into the most reckless libertinism. Lady Maria Baynton was the object of his earliest, and, therefore, of his sweetest vows: and when he married her, hope promised him a golden age of wedded happiness. But, unfortunately, the veil which hid Lady Maria's real character was soon drawn aside. A gentleman of great personal attractions, and related to Lady Maria, arrived from abroad on a visit at the house. The wretched wife and mother forgot her twofold duty; and after many stolen meetings amongst the shades of Spyre Park, whose beauty and peacefulness might have awakened purer and holier feelings, she fled with her seducer. Sir Andrew was at first inconsolable; and despite her shameless desertion of him, long lamented the mother of his child. Alas! that sinful mother and guilty wife was speedily visited by an awful retribution! Her infamous seducer, for whom she had outraged the laws of her God, and the delicacy of woman, soon grew weary of the poor victim he had immolated at the shrine of a lawless passion, treating her with the utmost cruelty and brutality. Death at last put an end to her dreadful sufferings: and the young, the elegant, and the accom-

plished Lady Maria, brought up in the lap of luxury, and nurtured upon the bosom of indulgence, died in a lone house, without a single friend or attendant to administer to her latest wants, or a charitable hand to close her dying eyes. O that the young and thoughtless female would take warning from her fate, and learn to keep in subjection those passions of our frail humanity, that rise up, like the angry winds of the tempest, to make shipwreck of God's glorious creation! Man may redeem his follies: but one false step in woman, and farewell hope! A pretty, affecting tale, under the title of "*Maria; or, the Obsequies of an Unfaithful Wife*," written, (I forget by whom,) upon the melancholy facts I have just recorded, was one of the first productions of the novel tribe I ever perused, and made a great impression upon me at the time, for I had then to learn of what stuff this world was made.—*Metropolitan.* 74

New Books.

RIENZI: THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

(Continued from page 15.)

Reforms of Rienzi.

A WONDERFUL thing would it have been to a more observant eye, to note the change which two or three short months of the stern but salutary and wise rule of the tribune had effected in the streets of Rome. You no longer beheld the gaunt and mail-clad forms of foreign mercenaries stalking through the vistas, or grouped in lazy indolence before the embattled porches of some gloomy palace. The shops, that in many quarters had been closed for years, were again open, glittering with wares and bustling with trade. The thoroughfares, formerly either silent as death, or crossed by some affrighted and solitary passenger, with quick steps, and eyes that searched every corner,—or resounding with the roar of a pauper rabble, or the open feuds of savage nobles, now exhibited the regular and wholesome and mingled streams of civilized life, whether bound to pleasure or to commerce. Carts and wagons laden with goods which had passed in safety by the dismantled holds of the robbers of the Campagna, rattled cheerfully over the pathways. "Never, perhaps,"—to use the translation adapted from the Italian authorities, by a modern and by no means a partial historian*—"Never, perhaps, has the energy and effect of a single mind been more remarkably felt than in the sudden reformation of Rome by the Tribune Rienzi. A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent. In this time," says the historian,† "did the woods begin to rejoice that they

* Gibbon.

† Vita di Cola di Rienzi, lib. 1. c. x.

were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers: trade, plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highways."

Amidst all these evidences of comfort and security to the people—some dark and discontented countenances might be seen mingled in the crowd, and whenever one who wore the livery of the Colonna or the Orsini felt himself jostled by the throng, a fierce hand moved involuntarily to the sword-belt, and a half suppressed oath was ended with an indignant sigh. Here and there too,—contrasting the redecorated, refurnished, and smiling shops—heaps of rubbish before the gate of some haughty mansion, testified the abasement of fortifications which the owner impotently resented as a sacrilege.

Character of Rienzi.

"In intoxication," says the proverb, "men betray their real characters." There is no less honest and truth-revealing intoxication in prosperity, than in wine. The varnish of power brings forth at once the defects and the beauties of the human portrait.

The unprecedented and almost miraculous rise of Rienzi from the rank of the pontiff's official to the lord of Rome, would have been accompanied with a yet greater miracle, if it had not somewhat dazzled and seduced the object it elevated. When, as in well ordered states and tranquil times, men rise slowly, step by step, they accustom themselves to their growing fortunes. But the leap of an hour from a citizen to a prince—from the victim of oppression to the dispenser of justice—is a transition so sudden as to render dizzy the most sober brain. And, perhaps, in proportion to the imagination, the enthusiasm, the genius of the man, will the suddenness be dangerous—excite too extravagant a hope—and lead to too chimerical an ambition. The qualities that made him rise, hurry him to his fall; and victory at the Marengo of his fortunes, urges him to destruction at its Moscow.

In his greatness, Rienzi did not so much acquire new qualities, as develop in brighter light and deeper shadow those which he had always exhibited. On the one hand he was just—resolute; the friend of the oppressed—the terror of the oppressor. His wonderful intellect illumined everything it touched. By rooting out abuse, and by searching examination and wise arrangement, he had trebled the revenues of the city without imposing a single new tax. Faithful to his idol of liberty, he had not been betrayed by the wish of the people into despotic authority; but had, as we have seen, formally revived, and established with new powers, the parliament-

ary council of the city. However extensive his own power, he referred its exercise to the people; in their name he alone declared himself to govern, and he never executed any signal action without submitting to them its reasons, or its justification. No less faithful to his desire to restore prosperity as well as freedom to Rome, he had seized the first dazzling epoch of his power to propose that great federative league with the Italian states which would, as he rightly said, have raised Rome to the indisputable head of European nations. Under his rule trade was secure, literature was welcome, art began to rise.

On the other hand, the prosperity which made more apparent his justice, his integrity, his patriotism, his virtues, and his genius, brought out no less glaringly his arrogant consciousness of superiority, his love of display, and the wild and too daring insolence of his ambition. Though too just to avenge himself by retaliating on the patricians their own violence, though, in his troubled and stormy tribuneship, not one unmerited or illegal execution of baron or citizen could be alleged against him, even by his enemies, yet he could not deny his proud heart the pleasure of humiliating those who had ridiculed him as a buffoon, despised him as a plebeian, and who, even now, slaves to his face, were cynics behind his back. "They stood before him while he sat," says his biographer; "all these barons, bareheaded; their hands crossed on their breasts; their looks down-cast;—oh, how frightened they were!"—a picture more disgraceful to the servile cowardice of the nobles than the haughty sternness of the tribune. It might be that he deemed it policy to break the spirit of his foes, and to awe those whom it was a vain hope to conciliate.

For his pomp there was a greater excuse: it was the custom of the age; it was the insignia and witness of power; and when the modern historian taunts him with not imitating the simplicity of an ancient tribune, the sneer betrays an ignorance of the spirit of the age, and the vain people whom the chief magistrate was to govern. No doubt his gorgeous festivals, his solemn processions, set off and ennobled—if parade can so be ennobled—by a refined and magnificent richness of imagination, associated always with popular emblems, and designed to convey the idea of rejoicing for liberty restored, and to assert the state and majesty of Rome revived no doubt these spectacles, however otherwise judged in a more enlightened age and by closet sages, served greatly to augment the importance of the tribune abroad, and to dazzle the pride of a fickle and ostentatious populace. And taste grew refined, luxury called labour into requisition, and foreigners from all states were attracted by the splendour of a court over which presided, under

republican names, two sovereigns,* young and brilliant, the one renowned for his genius, the other eminent for her beauty. It was, indeed, a dazzling and royal dream in the long night of Rome, spoiled of her pontiff and his voluptuous train—that holiday reign of Cola di Rienzi! And often afterwards it was recalled, with a sigh not only by the poor for its justice, the merchant for its security, but the gallant for its splendour, and the poet for its ideal and intellectual grace!

As if to show that it was not to gratify the more vulgar appetite and desire, in the midst of all his pomp, when the board groaned with the delicacies of every clime, when the wine most freely circled, the tribune himself preserved a temperate and even rigid abstinence.† While the apartments of state and the chamber of his bride were adorned with a profuse luxury and cost, to his own private rooms he transported precisely the same furniture which had been familiar to him in his obscurer life. The books, the busts, the reliefs, the arms which had inspired him heretofore with the visions of the past, were endeared by associations which he did not care to forego.

The Inmate of the Tower.

The night slowly advanced, and in the highest chamber of that dark and rugged tower which fronted the windows of the Cæsarini's palace, sat a solitary prisoner. A single lamp burnt before him on a table of stone, and threw its rays over an open Bible; and those stern but fantastic legends of the prowess of ancient Rome, which the genius of Livy has dignified into history. A chain hung pendent from the vault of the tower, and confined the captive; but so as to leave his limbs at sufficient liberty to measure at will the greater part of the cell. Green and damp were the mighty stones of the walls, and through a narrow aperture, high out of reach, came the moonlight, and slept in long shadow over the rude floor. A bed at one corner, completed the furniture of the room. Such for months had been the abode of the conqueror of the haughtiest barons, and the luxurious dictator of the stateliest city of the world!

* Rienzi, speaking in one of his letters of his great enterprise, refers it to the ardour of youth. The exact date of his birth is unknown: but he was certainly a young man at the time now referred to. His portrait in the Museo Barberino, from which his description has been already taken in the first volume of this work, represents him as beardless, and, as far as one can judge, somewhere above thirty—old enough, to be sure, to have a beard; and seven years afterwards he wore a long one, which greatly displeased his naïve biographer, who seems to consider it a sort of crime. The head is very remarkable for its stern beauty, and little, if at all, inferior to that of Napoleon, to which, as I before remarked, it has some resemblance in expression, if not in feature.

† Vita di Cola di Rienzi.—The biographer praises the abstinence of the Tribune.

Care, and travel, and time, and adversity, had wrought their change in the person of Rienzi. The proportions of his frame had enlarged from the compact strength of earlier manhood, the clear paleness of his cheek was bespread with a hectic and deceitful glow. Even in his present studies, intent as they seemed, and genial though the lecture to a mind enthusiastic even to fanaticism, his eyes could not rivet themselves as of yore steadily to the page. The charm was gone from the letters. Every now and then he moved restlessly, started, resettled himself, and muttered broken exclamations like a man in an anxious dream. Anon, his gaze impatiently turned upward, about, around, and there was a strange and wandering fire in those large deep eyes, which might have thrilled the beholder with a vague and unaccountable awe.

Angelo had in the main correctly narrated the latter of the adventures of Rienzi after his fall. He had first with Nina and Angelo betaken himself to Naples, and found a fallacious and brief favour with Louis King of Hungary; that harsh but honourable monarch had refused to yield his illustrious guest to the demands of Clement, but had plainly declared his inability to shelter him in safety. Maintaining secret intercourse, with his partisans at Rome, the fugitive then sought a refuge with the Eremites, sequestered in the lone recesses of the Monte Maiella, where in solitude and thought he had passed a whole year, save the time consumed in his visit to and return from Florence. Taking advantage of the jubilee in Rome, he had then, disguised as a pilgrim, traversed the vales and mountains still rich in the melancholy ruins of ancient Rome, and entering the city, his restless and ambitious spirit indulged in new but vain conspiracies. Excommunicated a second time by the Cardinal di Ceccano, and again a fugitive, he shook the dust from his feet as he left the city, and raising his hand towards those walls in which are yet traced the witness of the Tarquins, cried aloud, "Honoured as thy prince—persecuted as thy victim—Rome, Rome, thou shalt yet receive me as thy conqueror!"

Still disguised as a pilgrim, he passed unscathed through Italy into the court of the Emperor Charles of Bohemia, where the page, who had probably witnessed, had rightly narrated, his reception. It is doubtful, however, whether the conduct of the emperor had been as chivalrous as appears by Angelo's relation, or whether he had not delivered Rienzi to the pontiff's emissaries. At all events, it is certain, that from Prague to Avignon, the path of the fallen tribune had been as one triumph. The lapse of years—his strange adventures—his unbroken spirit—the disorders of Rome, when relieved

from his inflexible justice—the new power that intellect daily and wonderfully excited over the minds of the rising generation—the eloquence of Petrarch, and the common sympathy of the vulgar for fallen greatness,—all conspired to make Rienzi the hero of the age. Not a town through which he passed which would not have risked a siege for his protection—not a house that would not have sheltered him—not a hand that would not have struck in his defence. Refusing all offers of aid, disdaining all occasion of escape, inspired by his indomitable hope, and his unalloyed belief in the brightness of his own destinies, the tribune sought Avignon—and found a dungeon!

These, his external adventures, are briefly and easily told, but who shall tell what passed within?—who narrate the fearful history of the heart?—who paint the rapid changes of emotion and of thought—the indignant grief—the stern dejection—the haughty disappointment that saddened while it never destroyed the resolve of that great soul? Who can say what must have been endured, what meditated, in the hermitage of Maiella;—on the lonely hills of the perished empire it had been his dream to restore;—in the courts of barbarian kings;—and above all, on returning obscure and disguised, amidst the crowds of the Christian world, to the seat of his former power? What elements of memory, and in what a wild and fiery brain! What reflections to be conned in the dungeons of Avignon, by a man who had pushed into all the fervour of fanaticism—four passions, a single one of which has, in excess, sufficed to wreck the strongest reason—passions, which in themselves it is most difficult to combine,—the dreamer—the aspirant—the very nympholept of freedom, yet of power—of knowledge, yet of religion!

"Ay," muttered the prisoner, "ay, these texts are comforting—comforting. The righteous are not always oppressed." With a long sigh he deliberately put aside the Bible, kissed it with great reverence, remained silent, and musing for some minutes, and then as a slight noise was heard at one corner of the cell, said softly, "Ah, my friends, my comrades, the rats! it is their hour—I am glad I put aside the bread for them!" His eye brightened, as it now detected those strange and unsocial animals, venturing forth through a hole in the wall and,—darkening the moonshine on the floor,—steal fearlessly towards him. He flung some fragments of bread to them, and for some moments watched their gambols with a smile. "Manchino, the white-faced rascal! he beats all the rest—ha, ha! he is a superior wretch—he commands the tribe, and will venture the first into the trap. How will he bite against the steel, the fine fellow! while all the ignobler herd will gaze at him afar off,

and quake and fear, and never help. Yet if united, they might gnaw the trap and release their leader! Ah, ye are base vermin, and while ye eat my bread, if death come upon me, and I were clay, ye would riot on my carcass. Away!" and clapping his hands, the chain round him clanked harshly, and the noisome co-mates of his dungeon vanished in an instant.

That singular and eccentric humour which marked Rienzi, and which had seemed a buffoonery to the stolid sullenness of the Roman nobles, still retained its old expression in his countenance, and he laughed loud as he saw the vermin hurry back to their hiding-place.

"A little noise and the clank of a chain—*lie*, how ye imitate mankind!" Again he sank into silence, and then heavily and listlessly drawing towards him the animated tales of Livy, said, "An hour to midnight!—waking dreams are better than sleep. Well, history tells us how men have risen—ay, and nations too—after wilder falls than that of Rienzi or of Rome!"

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The Gatherer.

The Nautilus.—The inhabitant of the pearly nautilus, (*Nautilus Pompilius*), which has so long been a desideratum in natural science, was discovered by Mr. George Bennett, August 24, 1829, in a bay of the island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides group. The animal had only before been noticed by Rumphius, and some further remarks had been made upon it by Sonnini, in his edition of Buffon, but great doubt has been expressed if any reliance could be placed on these accounts. Mr. Bennett's sketch of the animal, taken immediately after it was removed from the shell, fully confirms the general accuracy of Rumphius's figure.

The extensive conflagration at Pera, Constantinople, in August, 1831, deprived the English ambassador of a splendid and delightful residence. While Sir Stratford Canning remained at Pera, it is said that he expended 10,000*l.* in alterations and improvements of the English palace, which was the most magnificent edifice that adorned the peninsular promontory. The late Levant Company gave 10,000*l.*, and the British Government contributed the remainder. The edifice stood nearly in the centre of a demesne, including a lawn and garden of about four acres, inclosed from the streets by a high and substantial wall. At the end of the grand hall, or reception room, stood the throne. This room was lighted by very splendid lustres, and the floor was formed of inlaid mosaic of different woods, and whether considered as to its size, or its decorations, was certainly one of the finest in the Turkish empire. The garden, however, was the

favourite object of care. Lady Liston, wife of Sir Robert Liston, caused exotics to be brought from every country; the woods about the Black Sea were searched for the most beautiful shrubs and trees, to form walks and plantations; and it became not only the most ornamental, but the most delightful retreat in the city.

W. G. C.

Whittington and his Cat.—This nursery story has been well known in Persia for centuries. It was imported into Europe much about the same time as others of which Boccaccio, Sacchetti, &c., availed themselves. We believe that the earliest European version of its principal incidents is to be found in the *Facezia, Motti, Buffonerie, et Burle* of the Piovano Arlotto; but, there is an old Hungarian tradition to the same effect; both were, doubtless, derived from the same source. In these instances, the story is, of course, unconnected with any English worthy; and we do not believe it was applied to Sir Richard Whittington until late in the reign of Elizabeth, when some such man as Richard Johnson, author of the *Seven Champions*, or Thomas Deloney, author of the *Six Yeomen of the West*, converted the tale to their own purposes.—*Morning Chronicle*. The veritable history of Sir Richard Whittington, with his "effigies," and some further particulars of the cat story, will be found in the *Mirror*, vol. xxv. p. 210.

The Royal George.—About six months since it was stated that only two persons were then living who were on board the Royal George, at the time she went down; one of whom is the present Admiral, Sir Philip Henderson Durham; the name of the other survivor is presumed to have been Mark Brown, who, for many years, resided at Shottisham, in Norfolk, and who was an armourer in the crew of the Royal George, at the time of its destruction. He was an intelligent person, and gave a vivid description of the catastrophe. He was on deck when the vessel began to fill, and climbed over the gunwale on to her side; and, for a period of five minutes, or more, while she was filling with water, he witnessed, by looking through the port-holes, the struggles of the crowd between decks to save themselves. As soon as she had filled, the vessel righted, and went down. Brown went down with her, but was immediately thrown up to the surface, as he supposed, by the air rushing out of the port-holes; he succeeded in catching at a floating hammock, and was afterwards picked up. He was, subsequently, at sea for many years, and eventually settled at Shottisham, where he brought up a large family, one of whom is now the landlord of the White Lion Inn, at Sanbridgenorth. Brown died at Shottisham, on the 27th of September last, at the age of 84.—*Hertford Reformer*.

Eugene Aram.—There is now living at Knaresborough, a Chelsea pensioner, named Edward Day, upwards of 100 years of age: he was formerly a hatter, and was in the employ of Mr. Francis Moore, the constable of Knaresborough, who was sent in 1758, with a warrant to Lynn, to take Eugene Aram for the murder of Daniel Clarke. Day says that on his master's return, he was the man that assisted Eugene Aram into the house, and dressed a sore on his arm.

Reverse of Fortune.—The Marquis de Saint Paer was formerly the possessor of a fine domain near Andely, in Normandy; but in consequence of his wanton extravagance, he was obliged to part with the whole of his estates, and, at length, became reduced to want, receiving charity from those upon whom, in his prosperity, he had bestowed it. Still, he could not leave the scenes of his former splendour, and lived for twenty years in a low thatched hut in the confines of his ancient château. A short time since he was found dead, from cold and hunger, under a hedge, not far from its walls.

Living.—At the foot of the Maritime Alps, three persons and a servant can live for less than 70*l.*; a-year their fare including every delicacy of fish, flesh, and fowl, with a constant supply of the finest fruits and vegetables, and abundance of good wine.

Lord Byron used to say that a man ought to marry by all means, although he owned that the greater part of marriages are unhappy. A man cannot be happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in; a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact. There is certainly something radically wrong in the constitution of society—the "time is out of joint." It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is thought their own inclination. Many a man thinks he marries by choice, who only marries by accident. In this respect, men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed.

Pride of Ancestry.—A mature spinster of the illustrious house which has produced our present Colonial Secretary, having desired her attendant to read the Scriptures to her, the latter stumbled on a passage in Genesis, in which the word *giants* was rather defaced, and read: "There were *Grants* on the earth in those days."—"Ah!" exclaimed the lady with rapture, "there is a convincing proof that my family yields to none in antiquity!"—*Paris Advertiser*.

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